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Title: Jain's Log

Author: Jain the Digger  
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Day 1

Why are they making us  
write these? If I wanted  
to write, I'd have become  
a scribe. Can't a girl  
just earn a decent living  
digging? OH, and, I swear,  
I will put this pick-axe in  
Wellington's face if he  
don't stop leering at me.  
He never seen a woman  
swing an axe before?

Day 3

All these little fops with  
their logs and maps and  
books. Trying to divine  
how to find the chamber  
when the answer is right  
below us. Follow the flow  
of the water! Makes no  
nevermind to me, I get  
more gold the longer it  
takes.

Day 6

Well that over-excited  
one promised us a bit of  
gold to whomever found  
the chamber first, so I  
guess it's time to dig in  
the right direction.

Day 7

Ta-da. A rock room with  
a cold dead man in it. I  
wonder if they'd notice  
if I nicked a few things  
for later.. Bet no one  
would miss some small  
bits of pottery.

Day 8

The old one, Frederick,  
got real pushy today.  
Accused Wellington and I  
of sloth and petty theft.  
I don't want any of the

rest of this junk. I got  
what I wanted. This gold  
jar will be worth a mint!

Day 9

I swear, if Frederick  
don't get off my back,  
he'll regret it.

Day 10

(all you see are blood  
smudges)